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**IDA MAY;**  
A STORY OF THINGS ACTUAL AND POSSIBLE  
BY MARY LANGDON.

*'For we speak that we know, and testify that we have seen.'*

**THIS STORY OF SOUTHERN LIFE**

IS destined to produce an impression upon the nation

*The most brilliant Fictions of modern times.*  
But it is chiefly in relation to the institution of  
**AMERICAN SLAVERY**

that the book will awaken the deepest interest. The thrilling incidents to which this anomalous institution gives rise, by interweaving the destinies of master and slave in the same web of fate, are presented with wonderful vividness. It is not a re-arrangement of the old stories, but an original creation; and it will appeal to the reader of the white race.

**WITH NEW AND STARTLING FORCE.**

But a calm, inflexible adherence to TRUTH marks every page. Nothing of the 'blue fire' of melodrama is seen; nor is the deepest tragedy marred by the screech and contortions of a second rate actress.

No reader, however indifferent to novels in general, can possibly leave off without finishing it. The preliminary edition has been read by a number of the most eminent literary men in the country, as well as by persons of average intellect and culture.

THE VERDICT IS UNANIMOUS.

From the boy who devours Robinson Crusoe, up the accomplished scholar who is familiar with the highest efforts of authorship—all bear enthusiastic testimony to the genius of the book.

IN ANTICIPATION OF AN IMMENSE SALE

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unsurpassed by that of any other book, the Publisher  
will be able to answer all orders as they are received.

The Work will be published

**November 22d.**

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**PHILLIPS, SAMPSON & CO.**

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PUBLISHERS, BOSTON.  
November 10. 3w

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**BEAUTIFUL JUVENILE**

For the Coming Holidays.  
*The Boys and Girls not Forgotten*  
**JOHN P. JEWETT & Co.**

117 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.

HAVE just published four of the choicest and most elegant Books for Children which have been issued this year. They were written for us by a lady who stands preëminent as a writer of Juvenile Literature, Mrs. PHOEBE HARRIS PHELPS.

THE SERIES IS ENTITLED  
**HOME STORIES,**  
 And consists of the following stories, elegantly illustrated from original designs by Billings:  
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1.00	MARY DAY'S STORY BOOK.
1.25	MARY DAY FORMING GOOD HABITS.
	HENRY DAY'S STORY BOOK.
	HENRY DAY LEARNING TO OBEY BIB-
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In addition to the above, we have in press, and shall publish during the month of November, an exquisite Juvenile, by a lady of New Hampshire, entitled,

## The Sunbeam!

Beautifully illustrated by Billings.

All orders addressed to the Publishers will be promptly responded to.

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No. 117 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.

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**William Wells Brown.**

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**WE HAVE IN PRESS,** and shall issue about  
25th of November, an exceedingly interest

**Places and People Abroad**  
BY WM. WELLS BROWN,  
A FUGITIVE SLAVE.

**WITH A MEMOIR OF THE AUTHOR.**

Mr. Brown, the eloquent Author, is now well-known to the Anti-Slavery Men and Women of two Continents, and this well-written book, so interesting to every friend of humanity, describes in beautiful language not only the history of the slave, but the principles of the slave trade, and the means of its abolition.

the insights and trials of his early life, but his recent and pleasurable experiences, during his sojourn in Europe. It is a book to be read and pondered, the production of a colored man, once a slave, the representative of a despised race. God only knows how many William Wells Browns and Frederick Douglasses may at this moment be grinding in the Southern prisons.

Ye men of America, who class the colored man with the brute creation, read this book when it is published and then say whether or not a being capable of such attainments should be ranked with the beasts that perish!

It will make an elegant 12mo. vol., of about

pages, with a steel portrait. Price, 75 cents, bound  
cloth.

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**John P. Jewett and Company**  
PUBLISHERS.

No. 117 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON  
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 ANOTHER BOOK OF RARE BEAUTY  
 MARTHA RUSSELL'S NEW BOOK

and

**LEAVES**  
FROM THE  
**TREE IGDRASYI**

I LIKE, too, that representation they [the old Nor

I must have of the tree Igdrasyi. All life is upheld by men as a tree. Igdrasyi, the Ash-tree of existence has its roots deep down in the kingdom of Hela; Death; its trunk reaches up heaven high; spreads boughs over the whole universe; it is the tree of existence; is not every leaf of it a biography—every fruit there an act or word?—*Carlyle*.

Miss RUSSELL is well-known to the Literary world as one of the most popular contributors to the periodical Literature of our country, and this beautiful volume, we believe, will place her name by the side of our most popular female writers.

**JOHN P. LEWETT & COMPANY**

**PUBLISHERS,**  
**117 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON**  
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**SECOND EDITION READY.**

**Five Thousand sold in Three Days**

**MARTHA RUSSELL'S NEW AND GRAPHIC BOOK.**

**Leaves from the Tree Igdrasy**  
WE CAN NOW SUPPLY ALL ORDERS.  
**JOHN P. JEWETT & COMPANY**

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**LEWIS HAYDEN,**  
121 CAMBRIDGE STREET,

DEALER IN  
*Ready-Made Clothing, Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods,  
 Hats, Caps, Breeches, Trunks, Valises, Carpet  
 Bags, and Umbrellas.*  
 A GREAT VARIETY OF FANCY ARTICLES,  
**Gold & Silver Watches & Jewels**

**Gold & Silver Watches & Jewels**  
to fit. Custom Garments made to order and warranted to fit. 02

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## POETRY.

For the Liberator.

## SWEET LULU MAE.

'Twas a calm, still night, and the moon's pale light  
Fell softly o'er the bay,  
Where, anchored in the broad Lagoon,  
A slave-ship waited lay.  
Oh! Lulu, dear Lulu, sweet Lulu Mae!  
Now the sails are spread, and the rising tide  
Has borne thee far away.

She has gone, she has gone to the Planter's home,  
A home of wealth and pride;  
But, ah! she has gone to a life of shame,  
And to a life of woe and strife.  
Oh! Lulu, dear Lulu, sweet Lulu Mae!  
Now the sails are spread, and the rising tide  
Has borne thee far away.

No more her voice, so soft and low,  
I shall hear at the cabin door;  
No more her words of love will cheer,  
When the tolls of the day are o'er!  
Oh! Lulu, dear Lulu, sweet Lulu Mae!  
Now the sails are spread, and the rising tide  
Has borne thee far away.

They bore her weeping from my side,  
My precious one they sold;  
The young, the beautiful, the pure,  
They bargained for base gold.  
Oh! Lulu, dear Lulu, sweet Lulu Mae!  
Now the sails are spread, and the rising tide  
Has borne thee far away.

I'm alone, all alone—there are none to love,  
There are none to heed me now;  
Would that the seal of death were set  
Upon this aching brow!  
Oh! Lulu, dear Lulu, sweet Lulu Mae!  
Now the sails are spread, and the rising tide  
Has borne thee far away.

Barre, Mass. CARRIE.

For the Liberator.

## THE FUGITIVE SLAVE.

I am free! Oh, Nature, thy panting child  
Hath broken his chains, and fled to thee!  
Ye forests deep, ye lone prairies wild,  
Your turf is prest by the step of the free!

I am free, ye beasts! 'tis your master's tread,  
The lord of all 'neath the sky's blue dome;  
'Tis God's own image, who lifts his head,  
A slave no more, to his Father's home.

I am free, ye birds! gay, happy things!  
I am God's free creature as well as ye;  
Oh, as ye soar on your lightning wings,  
Carol to heav'n that the slave is free!

I am free!—no chains but duty and love,  
Joining heaven to earth in one glorious plan,  
Bind my willing heart to God's throne above,  
To his footstool on earth, to my brother man.

JANE ASHBY.  
Battle, Sussex, Eng.

## THE CLOSING SCENE.

BY T. DUCHANAN READ.

[The North British Review pronounces this poem  
the best that has ever been written by an American  
author.]

Within this scene realm of endless trees,  
The russet year inhaled the dreamy air,  
Like some tanned reaper in his hour of ease,  
When all the fields are lying brown and bare.

The gray barns looking from their hazy hills  
O'er the dim waters widening in the vale,  
Sent down the air a greeting to the mills,  
On the dull thunder of alternate falls.

All sights were mellowed, and all sounds subdued,  
The hills seemed farther, and the streams sang low;  
As in a dream, the distant woodman hew'd  
His winter log, with many a muffled blow.

The embattled forests erewhile armed in gold,  
Their banners bright with every martial hue,  
Now stood, like some dead beaten host of old,  
Withdrawn afar in beaten bluish blue.

On slumberous wings the vulture tried his flight;  
The dove scarce heard his sighing mate's complaint;  
And like a star slow drowning in the light,  
The village church veiled in pale and faint.

The sentinel cook upon the hillside crew;  
Crew creeps, and all was stiller than before—  
Silent, till some replying warble blew  
His alien horn, and then was heard no more.

Where erst the joy within the elm's tall crest  
Made gurgling trouble around the unfledged young;  
And where the oriole hung her swaying nest,  
By every light wind like a censer swung;

Where sang the noisy manna of the eaves,  
The busy swallows, circling ever near,  
Foreboding, as the rustic mind believes,  
An earlier harvest and a plenteous year!

Where every bird which charmed the venal feast  
Shook the sweet slumber from its wings at morn,  
To warn the reapers of the easy east,  
All now was songless, empty and forlorn.

Alone, from out the stubble, piped the quail,  
And croaked the crow, through all the dreary gloom;  
Alone the pheasant, drumming in the vale,  
Made echo to the distant cottage loom.

There was no bud, no bloom upon the bowers,  
The spiders wove their thin shrouds night by night,  
The thistle-down, the only ghost of flowers,  
Sailed slowly by—passed noiseless out of sight.

Amid all this—in this most cheerless air,  
And where the woodbine sheds upon the porch  
Its crimson leaves, as if the year stood there,  
Firing the floor with his inverted torch—

Amid all this, the centre of the scene,  
The white-haired matron, with monotonous tread,  
Fled the swift woe, and with her joyless mien  
Sat like a Fate, and watched the flying thread.

She had known sorrow. He had walked with her,  
Oppressed—and broke with her the ashem cord,  
And, in the dead leaves, still she heard the stir  
Of his black mantle trailing in the dust.

While yet her cheek was bright with summer bloom,  
Her country summoned, and she gave her all,  
And twice War bowed to her sable plume,  
Re-gave the sword, to rust upon the wall.

Re-gave the sword—but not the hand that drew  
And struck for liberty the dying blow;  
Nor him, who to his sire and country true,  
Fell 'mid the ranks of the invading foe.

Long, but not loud, the droning wheel went on,  
Like the low murmur of a hive at noon;  
Long, but not loud, the memory of the gone  
Breathed through her lips a sad and tremulous tone.

At last the thread was snapped, her head was bowed;  
Life dropped the distaff through his hands serene;  
And loving neighbors smoothed her careful shroud,  
While Death and Winter closed the Autumn scene.

## SUSTAIN THE RIGHT.

We may not all, with powerful blow,  
Be champions for the right;  
But all with firm, undaunted brow,  
May stand unshaken 'mid the flow  
Of wrong sustained by night:  
One word may turn the warring scale,  
One willing, honest hand,  
Uphold the cause that else might fail,  
Although by genius planned.

## THE LIBERATOR.

## A GOLD WATCH PRESENTED TO A. J. DAVIS.

At a meeting of the Harmonical Brotherhood of Hartford, held Tuesday evening, Oct. 31, in order to give some expression of their sentiments of respect and friendship for their Brother, A. J. DAVIS, in view of his leaving them, it was unanimously

Resolved, That we hail the promulgation of the Harmonical Philosophy as a New Era in the world; and, by faith in cause and effect, we prospectively see the day when, through its influence, the discordant powers and principles of this world will become ONE KINGDOM OF LOVE, WISDOM AND HARMONY.

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Resolved, That something more than a vote of thanks is due from us to him, for the many invaluable lectures which he has gratuitously enlightened us with during his four years' residence among us, for which we feel a high degree of gratitude; therefore,

Resolved, That, as a small expression of our love and gratitude, Bro. DAVIS be requested to accept from us a WATCH, bearing an inscription expressive of our feelings and sentiments as above declared.

W. M. PAX, Secretary.  
Hartford, Nov. 1st, 1854.

After the above resolutions had been passed, and the Watch presented to him by the Chairman, Mr. Davis made the following remarks:—

MR. DAVIS'S REMARKS.

BROTHERS OF THE NEW DISPENSATION.—You speak of gratitude. All gratitude is mine, not yours. From time to time, I have discoursed to you, as it were involuntarily, because I could not help it—"twas such a blissful relief to my soul to communicate its irresistible impressions.

Moralists have taught that benefitted parties owe a debt of gratitude to their benefactors. Hence the doctrine and popular practice of making perpetual acknowledgments to the supernatural. But nothing can be more absurd. 'Tis the benefactor, not the recipient, who enjoys the first good of his acts. He alone feels, and must of necessity feel, the deepest debt of gratitude. Consequently, it is always more blissful to give than to receive.

You have, dear friends, frequently permitted me the enjoyment of such bliss, and I am grateful to you for it; but now, as I am about to depart, the natural happiness of the benefactor is yours—and I am the receiver—causing me to feel myself unable to express in words the pleasurable emotions awakened by this unexpected transposition.

Your Token of Friendship is wrought from earth's purest metal—a substance which is said to be unchangeable. This fact, so externally significant, and without its moral, I hope that I shall profit by a suggestion so delicately expressed by you.

And you have presented me with a *Recorder of Time*. This is a startling thought! It will every where remind me of the pulsations of Eternity—the hours, minutes and seconds as they spread their wings and fly from the empire of life into the realm of death. But this reflection cannot disturb or sadden us; for we know that, to our immortal principles, there is no death, but life, unfolding more and more beautifully as we pass along with the flight of time forevermore.

This Watch will help my soul to keep its vigils day and night. My spirit is deeply impressed with your beautiful token. In its shining contemplation I shall behold the ever-happy, ever-cheering faces of my Harmonical friends in the city of Hartford; and its extended hands will impress me henceforth to remember, with a thrill of unmingled happiness, the familiar grasp of many earnest women and fearless men, who, notwithstanding the oppressiveness of popular prejudice, have stood firmly forth, forming a pioneer phalanx, in favor of the Gospel of Nature and Reason.

My soul is joyous, my friends, because you have given me a gift so significant—one which I shall keep warm with the emanations of my spirit, because every where it will be my constant speaking companion—a metre of time; the recorder of each succeeding moment, which I shall be admonished to improve as it passes. 'Now's the day, and now's the hour'—That terribly said poet, Robert Pollock, says—"The angel of God appeared in a statue of fire, blazing, and, lifting up his hand on high \* \* \* swore that Time should be no more." But, notwithstanding the oath of this apocalyptic angel, my conviction remains unshaken that Time is Eternal—or, rather, what we term 'Eternal' is composed of Time, as drops constitute the ocean. And constantly, in all latitudes, and under all circumstances, your Gift will serve to remind me of this conviction—inspiring me with new efforts for mankind.

Day unto day uttereth speech! We talk of yesterday, to-day, and to-morrow. What are these but the proper names of the ever-receding, ever-approaching waves of the Ocean of Time! Your token, Brethren, is beautifully symbolical of a hidden prayer, dwelling within each soul, that I may lose no time in doing all that I, as an individual Brother, can, to break the fetters of ignorance, to teach the philosophy of our existence, to bring man into fellowship with his own intuitions and reason, and, through the benign influence of a rational Spiritualism, to do something toward establishing harmonious relations between the heavens and the earth!

I said that gratitude was mine, not yours—that you need not express any towards me. But I think your Token of Friendship will not diminish my indebtedness to you. No, my friends; the uniform kindness and candor with which you have listened to my 'impressions'—your increasing confidence in the final disappearance of ignorance and suffering from the earth—your reliance upon the eternal Religion of Justice and Liberty, based upon the deific laws of universal Nature—the gradual emancipation of your affections from the dependency of popular superstitions and from the slavery of proscriptive creeds—the progressive development of your intellectual faculties toward a perception of philosophical principles—your manifest determination to be free, and true to the living God within you—to oppose all you conceive to be Error and Oppression, and to cling steadfastly to whatever you apprehend to be Truth and Freedom—yes, Brethren, my recollection of all this, in addition to the abiding fragrance of Friendship's flowers, the germs of which we have planted silently in the garden of each other's hearts—will, through all the coming years, augment yet more the debt of permanent gratitude which I have long had the happiness to experience.

As you so touchingly and substantially express your affectionate sentiments, I know not how I can depart without urging upon you to remember, in all places and under all circumstances, the impressive words which you have written on the walls of this room—corresponding to the four quarters of the world—"Love"—"Wisdom"—"Harmony"—"Excelsior." May the sound of these words set like Truth's magic upon each heart, saying evermore to all—"Peace, be still!" so that, whether bowed down by affliction or elated with happiness, you may feel yourselves consoled, both soul and body, to the immortal Cause of Human Harmony, of which these electric terms are so universally expressive!

And let me solicit you always to bear in mind, that in this platform, on which I now stand, is, while in your possession, dedicated to the Rights of Man and Woman—the pulpit of Free Speech and Impartial Discussion! And, whether you move to other parts, whether at home or abroad, may you never forget to preach and practice the great law written over your nostrum, viz: "LET US MAN CALL GOD HIS FATHER, WHO CALLS NOT MAN HIS BROTHER."

P. S. At the conclusion of the foregoing remarks, which were enthusiastically responded to by the audience, Mr. Davis was presented with an elegant Watch Case, constructed of tastefully arranged pine cones, lined with satin, and surmounted with appropriate ornaments. Mr. Davis thankfully acknowledged to Miss Calkins the reception of her friendly token.

## MEETING OF FRIENDS OF PROGRESS.

On Sunday, Oct. 8th, a meeting of the Friends of Human Progress commenced its sessions at the Presbyterian Church in Williamstown, Wayne Co., N. Y.

The meeting was held according to an appointment made at a similar meeting in Waterloo, N. Y., in June last.

At the commencement of the forenoon session, Mr. Hoisington (a blind preacher) gave in a clear and lucid manner, stating that the object was to obtain a free expression of the views of those present, on topics pertaining to man's progress and elevation, morally, religiously and spiritually, and expressed the hope that all present would feel perfect freedom, and that if antagonistic views were advanced, all present would listen respectfully, and treat honest differences with candor, leaving all to abide the test of free and fair discussion and investigation, carried on, not in a spirit of controversy, but with a desire for truth.

The day and evening were occupied by addresses, and discussions mainly on theological topics, a good audience being present.

Monday morning, the meeting convened in the Wesleyan Church, continuing through the day and evening, and closing on Tuesday afternoon.

A President and Secretary were chosen, and the following resolutions introduced and passed, after interesting discussions:—

1. Resolved, That man is not only a being with physical wants, but also a rational and spiritual being, with corresponding wants and desires, and therefore, all organizations or creeds that bind the freedom of the individual are untrue to man's nature, and greatly productive of degradation and selfishness.

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As you so touchingly and substantially express your affectionate sentiments, I know not how I can depart without urging upon you to remember, in all places and under all circumstances, the impressive words which you have written on the walls of this room—corresponding to the four quarters of the world—"Love"—"Wisdom"—"Harmony"—"Excelsior." May the sound of these words set like Truth's magic upon each heart, saying evermore to all—"Peace, be still!" so that, whether bowed down by affliction or elated with happiness, you may feel yourselves consoled, both soul and body, to the immortal Cause of Human Harmony, of which these electric terms are so universally expressive!

And let me solicit you always to bear in mind, that in this platform, on which I now stand, is, while in your possession, dedicated to the Rights of Man and Woman—the pulpit of Free Speech and Impartial Discussion! And, whether you move to other parts, whether at home or abroad, may you never forget to preach and practice the great law written over your nostrum, viz: "LET US MAN CALL GOD HIS FATHER, WHO CALLS NOT MAN HIS BROTHER."

P. S. At the conclusion of the foregoing remarks, which were enthusiastically responded to by the audience, Mr. Davis was presented with an elegant Watch Case, constructed of tastefully arranged pine cones, lined with satin, and surmounted with appropriate ornaments. Mr. Davis thankfully acknowledged to Miss Calkins the reception of her friendly token.

## MEETING OF FRIENDS OF PROGRESS.

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The meeting was held according to an appointment made at a similar meeting in Waterloo, N. Y., in June last.

At the commencement of the forenoon session, Mr. Hoisington (a blind preacher) gave in a clear and lucid manner, stating that the object was to obtain a free expression of the views of those present, on topics pertaining to man's progress and elevation, morally, religiously and spiritually, and expressed the hope that all present would feel perfect freedom, and that if antagonistic views were advanced, all present would listen respectfully, and treat honest differences with candor, leaving all to abide the test of free and fair discussion and investigation, carried on, not in a spirit of controversy, but with a desire for truth.

The day and evening were occupied by addresses, and discussions mainly on theological topics, a good audience being present.

Monday morning, the meeting convened in the Wesleyan Church, continuing through the day and evening, and closing on Tuesday afternoon.

A President and Secretary were chosen, and the following resolutions introduced and passed, after interesting discussions:—

1. Resolved, That man is not only a being with physical wants, but also a rational and spiritual being, with corresponding wants and desires, and therefore, all organizations or creeds that bind the freedom of the individual are untrue to man's nature, and greatly productive of degradation and selfishness.

## THE LIBERATOR.

## A GOLD WATCH PRESENTED TO A. J. DAVIS.

At a meeting of the Harmonical Brotherhood of Hartford, held Tuesday evening, Oct. 31, in order to give some expression of their sentiments of respect and friendship for their Brother, A. J. DAVIS, in view of his leaving them, it was unanimously

Resolved, That we hail the promulgation of the Harmonical Philosophy as a New Era in the world; and, by faith in cause and effect, we prospectively see the day when, through its influence, the discordant powers and principles of this world will become ONE KINGDOM OF LOVE, WISDOM AND HARMONY.

Resolved, That as Bro. DAVIS purposes in future to devote a very considerable portion of his time as a teacher, by discarding through the country, we sincerely hope that the public at large may receive into their life the principles taught by the Harmonical Philosophy, which, we feel assured, are fully competent to harmonize this world—which all the religions hitherto existing have proved incapable of doing.

Resolved, That something more than a vote of thanks is due from us to him, for the many invaluable lectures which he has gratuitously enlightened us with during his four years' residence among us, for which we feel a high degree of gratitude; therefore,

Resolved, That, as a small expression of our love and gratitude, Bro. DAVIS be requested to accept from us a WATCH, bearing an inscription expressive of our feelings and sentiments as above declared.

W. M. PAX, Secretary.  
Hartford, Nov. 1st, 1854.

After the above resolutions had been passed, and the Watch presented to him by the Chairman, Mr. Davis made the following remarks:—

MR. DAVIS'S REMARKS.

BROTHERS OF THE NEW DISPENSATION.—You speak of gratitude. All gratitude is mine, not yours. From time to time, I have discoursed to you, as it were involuntarily, because I could not help it—"twas such a blissful relief to my soul to communicate its irresistible impressions.

Moralists have taught that benefitted parties owe a debt of gratitude to their benefactors. Hence the doctrine and popular practice of making perpetual acknowledgments to the supernatural. But nothing can be more absurd. 'Tis the benefactor, not the recipient, who enjoys the first good of his acts. He alone feels, and must of necessity feel, the deepest debt of gratitude. Consequently, it is always more blissful to give than to receive.

You have, dear friends, frequently permitted me the enjoyment of such bliss, and I am grateful to you for it; but now, as I am about to depart, the natural happiness of the benefactor is yours—and I am the receiver—causing me to feel myself unable to express in words the pleasurable emotions awakened by this unexpected transposition.

Your Token of Friendship is wrought from earth's purest metal—a substance which is said to be unchangeable. This fact, so externally significant, and without its moral, I hope that I shall profit by a suggestion so delicately expressed by you.

And you have presented me with a *Recorder of Time*. This is a startling thought! It will every where remind me of the pulsations of Eternity—the hours, minutes and seconds as they spread their wings and fly from the empire of life into the realm of death. But this reflection cannot disturb or sadden us; for we know that, to our immortal principles, there is no death, but life, unfolding more and more beautifully as we pass along with the flight of time forevermore.

This Watch will help my soul to keep its vigils day and night. My spirit is deeply impressed with your beautiful token. In its shining contemplation I shall behold the ever-happy, ever-cheering faces of my Harmonical friends in the city of Hartford; and its extended hands will impress me henceforth to remember, with a thrill of unmingled happiness, the familiar grasp of many earnest women and fearless men, who, notwithstanding the oppressiveness of popular prejudice, have stood firmly forth, forming a pioneer phalanx, in favor of the Gospel of Nature and Reason.

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